

DAY DREAMS



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DAY DREAMS



Yours Truly
Eda Eckert Lawrence

DAY DREAMS

BY

IDA ECKERT LAWRENCE

*Aye, time may change but love is still the same—
A lamp whose light is never dim*

“ Little do men perceive what solitude is, nor how far it extendeth ;
for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures,
and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.”—*Bacon*

CINCINNATI

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Dedication.

*To you who have watched this restless soul of mine through all
the gladsome days of sunshine,
and all the tempest-tossed nights of despair,
with the same unfaltering fidelity;*

*To you who loved me, and reached out the hand of kindness or
called to me in sweet assurance
as I toiled amid discouragements that have confounded
many stronger and wiser than I;*

*To you who taught me the light of faith and hope,
to measure by lines of nobility, to count by deeds and worth;*

*To you who gave me a wealth of love
more prized than royal crowns of kings;*

*To you, dear father and mother,
let me inscribe these trifling lines of mine.*

I. E. L.

PREFACE.

Some dreamy dreamers dream best, when the senses are lulled by sleep, and the self goes out into other realms of which we remember often a little, oftener nothing. Other dreamers dream best with the senses awake, eyes open, but seeing not, and the materialist says "we are looking into space," but we remember all in these sweet, soulful tours into the memories of the past, the evanescent present or the iridescent future, and we call these "day dreams."

If little I have added to the world's great store, creditable to it or myself, if only a few, by these lines of mine, are carried, as by some talisman, to live again the happy measured past, or feel one added delight in all the dim unexplored future, I am well repaid.

Some of these little ventures have "gone

the rounds of the press." I saw "Sweet-heart of Mine" copied from the "Inter-Ocean," in which it first appeared, into twenty-one periodicals within the year, with "Day Dreams," "I Never Slep' a Wink," and "Monette" following closely, for which appreciation and acknowledgment I am most grateful.

If it is true, that there is as much pleasure in pathos as in wit, I may hope to contribute, in some measure at least, to the pleasure of others, for—

The world's not filled with roses,
The purtiest face may frown,
An' many have lost in battles won,
An' many-a good ship's gone down.

I. E. L.

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"Sweetheart of mine."

SWEETHEART OF MINE.

I dread to think, Sweetheart of mine,
That time shall ever be
When aught shall change that heart of thine,
That beats to-day for me.

I dread to think, O! love of mine,
That we may strangers be,
And passionless, those eyes divine,
As snow may fall on me.

And like the Gates of Troy, my heart
Shall lock her sorrows in;
Nor all the faithless world without
Shall dwell where thou hast been.

I'll trust thee, O! Sweetheart of mine,
I know that I shall see
The desert bloom, the sun turn cold,
Ere thou be false to me.

And when the silent winding years
 Shall silver thy dear head,
When gay companions of thy youth
 Have long since from thee fled,

Then think of me, when life is done,
 And all the years have passed,
And may that memory cheer thy soul
 And that joy be thy last.

WE THREE.

We used to romp from morn' till night,
We waded in the clover ;
And in the deepest, widest pond
We threw poor patient Rover.
At night we cracked th' hickory-nuts—
Horse-shoe nails for a lever,
An' asked Ma' 'fore we went to bed
Could we all sleep togevver.

Sometimes we used to sit an' hear
Our grandma tell a story,
Of ghosts 'at walked without a head
An' some wuz old an' hoary ;
An' then we drew our rockers close,
No ghost should us three sever ;
We would n't stir a peg 'less we
Could all free sleep togevver.

When we grew up there lurked about
Some pallid phantom near me
An' stole the others one by one,
'Till none wuz left to cheer me.

An' all day long, when I'm alone,
I hear 'em calling ever—
To come an' share their lonely bed,
An' all free sleep togevvver.

I'LL KEEP THE OLD HORSE SHOD.

I never, never can forget that good old horse
 of mine ;
How proud he was, and always loved to see
 his harness shine.
And when I mounted on his back he champed
 his bit in glee,
And, fleet as antelope or deer, he danced off
 merrily.

I'll not forget the journeys long that we have
 made together,
Nor how he bared his face, alas ! in every
 sort of weather.
Just that I might enjoy the heath, or breath
 of morning vapor,
He'd rear and plunge to frighten me, and
 cut a high-bred caper.

I always loved to see the foam that flecked
 his breast like snow.
And see the muscles stretch and quake when-
 e'er I bade him go.

And, grander still, with whistle shrill, he
 roamed the fields so free,
 With nostrils red and eyes aflame that told
 his ecstasy.

Oh, I'll remember all the steeps and glades
 his feet have trod,
 And for the sake of those sweet days I'll
 keep the old horse shod.
 Well groomed and fed, he shall not know
 his usefulness is past;
 I'll hitch him to the plow, by times, and
 love him to the last.

And when the old horse lays him down to
 take his last drawn breath,
 I'll hold his head, nor blush to speak and
 tell him it is death.
 And 'though the dear old tongue is dumb,
 his eyes, to me, will speak,
 And he will know I loved him, as my tears
 bedew his cheek.

When o'er those glistening lakes I see a wild
 weird image creep,
 I'll gaze again—mine own, alas! are mir-
 rored in that deep.

Oh ! eyes so dear, none can translate the
 meaning of that gaze ;
I'll leave thee at the river's brink as oft in
 other days.

Then let the Stygian waves roll on against
 thy trembling breast ;
No hand shall e'er thy spirit curb, no lash
 disturb thy rest ;
I'll mount thee once again, my steed, for
 well I know, my own,
Thou'lt take me on that journey long into
 the dim unknown.

ENCHANTMENT.

SONNET TO J——.

If in some magic ship I might ascend,
And float at my sweet will the wide world
free,
As swift as thought, so would I float to
thee,
And for thy graces I, alone, contend—
With Love, my unseen helper and my friend.
No other name holds such a countless
worth,
Nor binds with such a spell the earth—
Even heaven thro' this her glorious fires ex-
tend.
Beneath that Gonfalon I'll bravely stand,
Though disappointments rend my charm'd
sails,
The God of Love enchantment shall com-
mand,
And I, an entranced dreamer, hear no
wails ;
And tho' a thousand storms my bark betide,
Content I rest, if thou art by my side.



"As swift as thought, so would I float to thee."

BELOVED.

I sleep, beloved, yet in my sweetest dreams
One face I see, enrobed in loveliness ;
And with that star to guide my wandering
feet,

I'd dream, content, a thousand ages thro'.
Thy voice I hear, and all my soul awakes,
To search for thee the cadences of heaven ;
And finding thee, to take thee as my own—
Sweet minstrel mine, whose welcome glances
touch

A thousand strings to music in my soul.
The rosy dawn shines through my curtained
lids ;
Oh ! night ! Oh ! dreams ! more sweet than
daylight fair.

Yet, Love, again beneath thy cloak I press
This heart to thine, and hear the beatings
low,
That calls me like the moanings of the sea.
Thy lips to mine a heavenly flame inspires—
My soul comes back and laughs on thy warm
mouth,

I gaze and see within thine eyes so deep
A slave of all thy loving fond desires.
And on the face of those pure, love-lit lakes
Truth, in her bark, a silent watcher sails.
Oh! drift not from my vision, lest my heart,
Bereft of soul that in thy keeping dwells,
A faithless, shipwrecked mariner becomes.

I NEVER SLEP' A WINK.

I never slep' a wink,
Nor put thro' such a night,
The weird long hours kep' lengthenin',
Upon their mystic flight;
The cats and mice kep' slippin' roun';
I wuz bewitched, I think—
I jes' lay thar an' shet my eyes—
I never slep' a wink.

Fust one thing an' another kum
An' made on' arthly sounds,
An' then th' baby wuz woke up
By th' yowlin' uv them hounds;
Seems like 's ef suthin' other's wrong—
What 't was, I could n't think;
I hel' my breath a listenin'—
But I never slep' a wink.

Course, Pap will uv a mornin'—
An' I suppose its right—
Go toddlin' round a astin',
“How did you rest last night?”

He 'lowed I wuz a snorin',
Wen he got hisself a drink;
He allus sez its that-a-way—
But I never slep' a wink.

* * * *

I 'm not, no use a talkin',
Peart as I used ter be;
The girls an' boys an' Pap air gone—
It sort o' bothers me;
But Pap sleeps on, sound as a log,
Down by the crick's green brink—
He 'll ast me that Great Mornin',
Ef I never slep' a wink.



LINES TO A SEA-GULL.

Oh ! that I might dwell by the ocean,
And sit by the swift shifting sands,
To dream my fond dreams of devotion,
And press dear invisible hands.

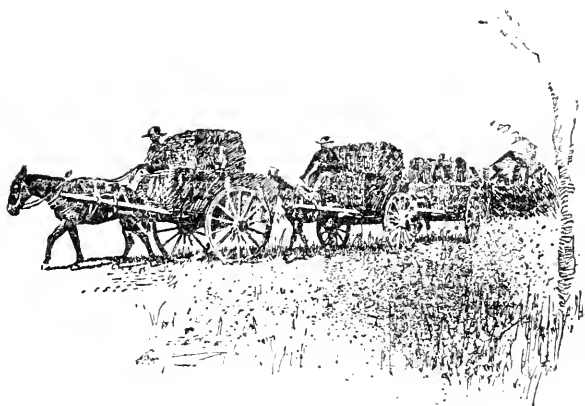
There 's a voice, in the ocean so hoary,
A song in the surge of the sea—
Oh ! that I could tell the sweet story
That something seems telling to me.

But that secret—no tongue can reveal it ;
That language, no mortal translate ;
The sea-god, for him who would steal it
Throws mist o'er the pages of fate.

What heart could grow cold on the billows?
The winds that play over the deep
Would wake dying Love, from her pillow,
And lull bitter Hatred to sleep.

Then fly, ye proud gull, o'er the ocean,
And ride on the foam-crested sea ;
Thou surely hast felt the emotion
That 's swelling and throbbing in me.

Yes, go ! stately bird, who would hold thee
Away from thy heaven of rest?
And, oh ! may life's billows enfold me
As light as the foam on thy breast.



'WAY DOWN SOUTH.

Where the moss and mistletoe,
Swing from live-oak branches low,
Rocked by zephyrs, to and fro,

Is

'Way

Down

South.

Where the soft gulf breezes blow,
Where the wild salt waters flow,
Where the sweetest flowers grow,

Is

'Way

Down

South.

Where the lazy brook, at play,
Sings a wanton roundelay—
Sweetheart, sweetheart all the day,
Is
 'Way
 Down
 South.

Where day bursts with song so bright,
Where love floats like mellow light,
Dreaming, dreaming all the night,
Is
 'Way
 Down
 South.



"Way Down South."

PONTIAC'S LOOKOUT.

Pontiac, ah ! gentle chieftain,
I can hear thy footsteps still,
Coming forth to greet the sun-down
Through the hemlock on the hill.

On this favored spot, proud chieftain,
Eagle-like, from nature's dome,
Pontiac's keen eye swept earthward—
Watched the warrior o'er his home.

Far below, cold northern waters
Sang for measured music meet—
Songs the dusky maids might envy,
Songs, than night-birds' songs, more sweet.

Shade of Pontiac, dost thou wander
Midst the hemlock, spruce and pine,
Here at eventide to worship—
Here to watch the days decline?

Fare thee well, so may I wander
To life's gilded mountains tall,
When the eventide o'ertakes me,
When the day's last sunbeams fall.



" 'Tis sweet to live, and love, and dream."

DAY DREAMS.

'Tis sweet to live, and love and dream
The dreams I dream of thee ;
'Tis sweet to feel in fancy love,
The touch of ecstasy.

And when the gentle morning comes,
And takes my dreams away,
I love to close my eyes once more
Just at the break of day,

And let my soul go out, alone,
To seek where'er thou art,
To wake thee from thy troubled sleep
And nestle near thy heart.

Then I can see thy manly form
In drowsy tremors rise,
And reach to grasp thy lady fair—
So close thy dreamy eyes.

And like a blind man groping 'round,
A torrent in thy breast,
I hear thee murmur, then complain ;
"Who hath disturbed my rest?"

And then a gentleness serene
Lights up thy noble face.
A reverie steals over thee :
"Her soul was in this place."

My soul comes back—sweet messenger,
Between thy life and mine,
And you are there, and I am here,
Kneeling at Love's own shrine.



SLEEP ON, LITTLE BOY.

Sleep on, little boy, for thy sorrow hath
vanished—

In dreamland thy soul's fleeing now, far
away ;

The curtain, that hides the love-light of thy
brown eyes,

Shuts out from thy young life the cares
of the day.

Sleep on, little boy, tho' thy heart it was
breaking,

When off to thy soft couch thy weary feet
crept.

Sleep on, little boy, for the chill of De-
cember

Hath changed to June roses in dreams
as you slept.

Sleep on, little boy, for no harsh voice thou
hearest

In all the wild throng of thy play-fellows
now.

The sweet waves of joy and the echoes of
laughter

Thy mother is watching play over thy
brow.

Sleep on, little boy, for the world is before
thee

Thy frail little bark may the breakers be
nigh.

In the realms of the real thou mayst waken
to anguish—

Oh! wretched the soul that hears not the
child's cry.

Sleep on, little boy, and I would that, still
dreaming,
From life's battle-field I might bear thee
away,
On pinions of love, down the dim misty
future
To dream on forever thy dreams of to-
day.

A PRINCESS.

There is a form, tho' masked by times, for.
 ever round me steals—
She stares into my blanchéd face and chokes
 me at my meals,
She goes through my house at leisure, and
 never asks my leave,
She destroys my hours of pleasure, always
 seeking to deceive ;
She's a sorceress without feeling, yet she
 makes all others feel
With a kindlier, better feeling, and she
 brings strong men to kneel.
She worked her pitiable plan e'en at the
 earth's glad dawning,
And her bones sprang up in Eden on a filmy
 balmy morning.
Still she makes me know my happiness, as
 no one else could do ;
And health and wealth I prize far more,
 since she has taught me to—

She has traveled o'er the universe and no
farthing does she pay,
And she crushes little children with her
garments on her way.
She's the guest of crownéd emperors, yet he
pales before her face—
And she enters houses lowly—she has no
abiding place.
Yet her deeds go on forever, and she breaks
our morning dreams ;
And she holds us tempting pictures, free
from lust and worldly gleams.
She has gloated 'round the coffin, as the or-
phaned ones went by—
She has nestled in the bosom of the coldest
tyranny.
She's a curious, monstrous creature no place
bad enough to bar ;
Yet we could not do without her, sweetest
pleasures it would mar.
No one welcomes her, nor chides her, yet
she breaketh many a heart.
She's one of the very few of guests one meets
but cannot part,
She is one among the blessings that we can-
not lend nor borrow ;
She's a princess of all kingdoms, and we
only call her Sorrow.

WE PASS.

A FRAGMENT.

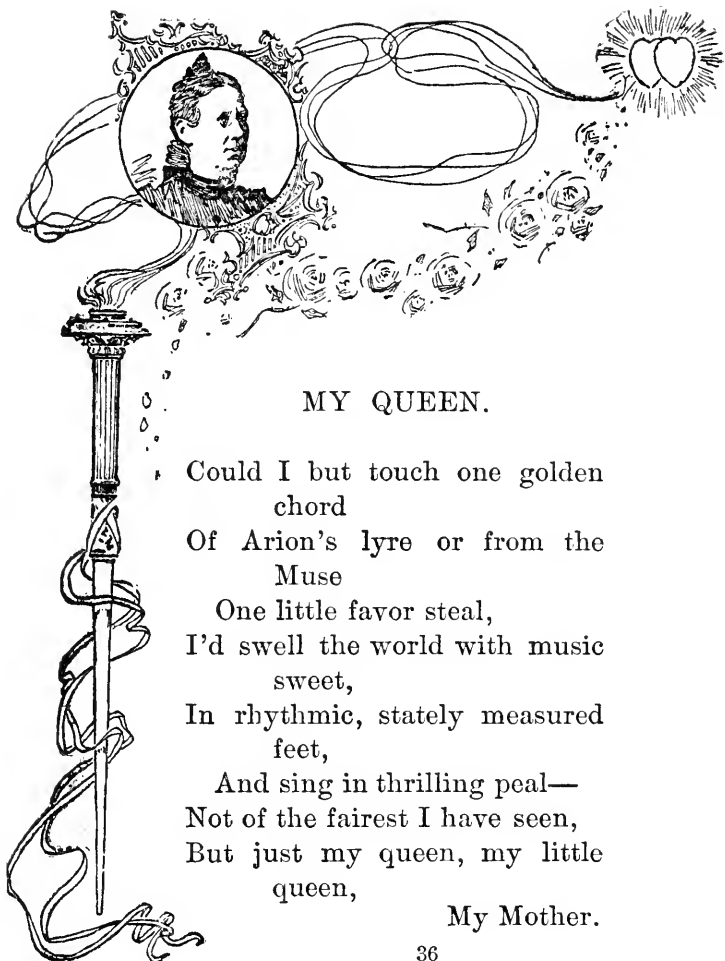
Like bubbles drifting down a stream,
Like fancies playing in a dream,
Like unknown barks passed out at sea,
No need that they remembered be—
So rolls the world along.

Like magic charm of woman's tears,
Like swiftly moving gilded years—
Like some sweet soul turned back to God,
Ere half its pilgrimage were trod—
So strange, unknown, we pass.

REVENGE.

SONNET.

That in my heart a subtle image lay,
I knew not, 'till, by chance, I saw its form—
And on the field of Fate it led me thro' the
 storm
More fearful than Achilles in dismay ;
And through that darkling cloud I sought
 the day.
And one whom once I loved, of mask now
 shorn,
Unsightly, groveling, of cruelty new-born—
In new disguise—a savage Hector lay.
Not on the field his wanton corse I sought—
Nor yet, to wrestle with vain words, to fling
His love words back to rankle and to sting,
To slay him in my life—in memory or
 thought,
Never again to meet thro' ages wrought,
Sweet satisfaction this—Oh ! wake ! ye gods,
 and sing !



MY QUEEN.

Could I but touch one golden
chord
Of Arion's lyre or from the
Muse
One little favor steal,
I'd swell the world with music
sweet,
In rhythmic, stately measured
feet,
And sing in thrilling peal—
Not of the fairest I have seen,
But just my queen, my little
queen,

My Mother.

How like a sovereign love hath ruled,
How often chained, how often calmed
 This fevered heart of mine.
How when the tempest thundered wild,
Close to her breast she hugged her child ;
 Oh ! mother-love divine !
Must Time's keen sickle ever glean
This loving heart, this uncrowned queen,
 My Mother.

My panting heart is wearied now
With knocking long—nor lips nor tongue
 Hath ever yet expressed
A mother's love. There is no tide,
Nor breakers on this ocean wide—
 This is the Sea of Rest.
Oh ! boatman of the silver sheen,
Spare thou my queen, my little queen,
 My Mother.

MONETTE.

To F——.

I was with you last night, Monette,
You held me to your heart ;
I gazed into your eyes, Monette,
Nor quailed beneath the dart.

I felt my blood surge warm, Monette,
I felt your pulses start—
To touch your trembling lips, Monette,
Struck fire within my heart.

You drank the red, red wine, Monette,
Your voice—a silver bell.
Oh, ne'er can I forget, Monette,
The hours we loved so well.

Then here's to th' days to come, Monette,
An' here's to a soul set free ;
To live, is to love and be loved, Monette ;
You are madly in love with me.

“Just you and I on earth, Monette,”

I said, with a savage gleam ;

“At last you are mine, my own, Monette.”

Oh ! God, it was all a dream.

PAYIN' TH' MORTGAGE.

They say I wuz a wild-eyed child
W'en my folks moved out West.
The country it was wild, too, then,
The soil was jes' the best—
And dad he bot a great big ranch
An' raised the bigges' corn;
I used to wish I wuz a boy
To drive the cows at morn.

I rode the little bronchos then,
My dad had horses fine—
An' cattle roamin' on the plains
A thousan' at a time.
They rounded 'em, an' branded 'em,
An' he was happy then.
I followed him through fallow fields,
Thro' prairie, grain and glen.

When he wuz sad an' lonesome-like
 An' everything wuz down,
 An' all the grain upon the farm
 Wuz marketed in town,
 He grieved alone an' thinner grew—
 A mortgage wuz to pay—
 An' 'twas n't any uv his debts
 'At made his hair turn gray.

My dad was jes' the kindes' man,
 His heart was big and true,
 An' when a friend, well meanin'-like,
 Ast, could he see him through,
 With jes' the signin' of his name—
 He signed it that same day—
 An' that's the note that on the farm
 A mortgage put to pay.

Ten years went by an' my ole dad
 With the hard load wuz bent ;
 It sort uv bothered the old man
 To keep up the per cent ;
 An' more 'an once, like Providence
 Had put His finger in it,
 Some poor old tenant paid his rent
 An' saved him the last minute.

Once I remember hearin' him
A Sunday mornin' pray
'At God would show him what to do
An' open up the way—
An' then he said he jes' felt sure
He'd sell some real estate
Afore the week was ended—Lord,
His faith wuz strong and great.

An' when the week wuz nearly done,
I never sez a word
About the Sunday mornin' prayer
'At I had overheard—
I got a check from dear old aunt—
Aunt Lizzie, way back East;
I wonder ef she heard that prayer?
'T was jes' the same at least.

My dad had lots uv friends, an' sich
To give him pert advice;
Sayin' ef he did n't spect to fall
He mus' keep off the ice.
As ef the ole man's feelin's, now,
Were n't sad enough to see—
Jes' 'cause he had n't any boy
It made a man uv me.



"A minstrel I would go."

Well, I jes' kissed the dear sweet brow
An' said it weren't so bad—
For lots uv men had done much worse
Than loosin' all they had.
Ah, many a time he rescued me
From breakers on life's sea ;
An' never a night so cold an' dark
He didn't think uv me ;

An' to my bed he softly crept,
Put little hands at rest—
An' saved fer me at dinner time
The things 'at I liked best.
Then let my hair turn white with his,
To suffer makes me glad ;
I never knew I loved him so—
Lord ! how I love my dad !

An' then the panic it kum on—
That was in ninety-three ;
Somehow we managed to keep straight—
'T was hard on dad and me ;
But times grew steady once again,
As times they allus will—
Well, folks aint starvin' ef the wheat 's
A grindin' at the mill.

An' 'tis n't allus to be dark
 'Cause clouds is passin' by ;
One sees a good deal more uv heaven
 A lookin' toward the sky.
So when the mist of eventide
 Draws nigh the sounding bells,
The growing dewdrop to the flower
 Her sweetest love-tale tells.

Well, dad an' I, we planned an' planned ;
 I tried for many a place.
I think I had succeeded then
 But for my pretty face.
I sometimes wished I wuz less fair,
 That I my worth might prove—
How could I ever hope to pay
 That mortgage off with love?

I wished that verses I could write,
 A minstrel I would go—
Or paint the portraits of great men
 Like Michael Angelo ;
Oh ! I would stem dramatic art
 And fight for place and fame.
Fer days an' nights I saw the boards
 Flame out with jes' my name !



*"Far out upon the farm I saw
Dad raking new-mown hay."*

An' all the gay world's giddy throng
 Were bowing at my feet—
 But fancy woke—this nectared wine
 I drank in fevered sleep.
 Far out upon the farm I saw
 Dad raking new-mown hay,
 The sweetest perfume heaven can give
 Blew in on me that day ;

An' inspiration, new, divine,
 An' I sung on for days.
 The old man sold the sweet new hay
 An' I—I sold my lays.
 We hugged the treasured gold and paid
 The mortgage on the farm.
 The old man said sech love of gold
 He's sure could be no harm.

Now, dad an' I some day'll start
 A partnership together
 With jes' love for the capital ;
 I guess we'll stand the weather.
 The old man's rich—to-day he told
 Of mansions o'er the river ;
 Streets paved with gold, where minstrels
 sing
 Forever and forever.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

Beautiful girl, thine eyes are a flame—

Gay are thy footsteps and stately and
proud.

“Beautiful girl” is thine oft-spoken name ;

Lovers in pæans thy praises sing loud.

“Myriad” the names of the pleasures that
know thee,

Gay are the seasons with rapturous glee ;
From ambush that arch little traitor, young
Cupid,

Is shooting his arrows, proud beauty, at
thee.



*"I'd laugh as now I sigh for thee --
Had I but known."*

HAD I BUT KNOWN.

Had I but known the sorrow love can bring,
And how the words so wild and sweet
Can rankle like an adder's sting
When once we trust them not—
I would some other path have trod,
Tho' lone the way, with none but God,
And all the bliss of earth forgot—
 Had I but known.

Had I but known the joys that had been
 mine
If by the hand I hadst been led
Through vales of love, sweetheart divine,
Sweetheart of long ago—
I hear thee beg this heart to wait ;
But I had passed a closed gate
I might have wept that it was so—
 Had I but known.

Had I but known, that in the coming years,
A phantom of the past would come
And drown my present with its tears,

As comes a maddened sea ;
I would thy vows sweetheart believe,
I would thy loving soul receive,
And laugh as now I sigh for thee—
 Had I but known.

UNCLE JOSH'S SOLILOQUY.

You may talk about the fusses
You had when you was young—
When all you knew you told to one
Who couldn't hold his tongue.
You spread the war-paint on fur fight,
Your face wuz every hue—
'Taint that 'at hurts you all the night
An' keeps a-grievin' you.

There's lots in things to make you mad,
Ef you're a lookin' fur 'em ;
There's allus some one flirts the red
In front of every Durham ;
An' when the troubles o'er, you'll shake
An' joke with that same fellow—
'Taint that 'at careworn furrows make
Across your forehead mellow.

The meanest man you ever knew,
The meanest things can say ;
An' it may rile you for a while,
You're tranquil the next day.

'Taint that 'at makes the nights so long,
An' grieves you when you wake ;
'Taint that 'at haunts you all the day
Like shadows haunt the lake.

Tho' matador, with glittering lance,
Shall pierce the trembling bone,
He can not rend so deep a wound,
Nor wring so wild a groan,
As unkind words from those you love
Can crush your tremblin' heart—
'Tis that 'at kills the heaven-sent dove,
Breaks giant bonds apart.

Mos' every day you'll hear 'em,
Ef you 're listenin' fur to hear,
A-grievin' an' a tellin' it
In the Almighty's ear.
We dream we 're loved and love again,
And friendship lasting seems—
God help us bear the cruel pain
Uv all these waking dreams.

* * * *

I calkerlate it 's better
Fur an ole man like me,
To tell a pore, young, tremblin' soul,
A-startin' on life's sea—

The world 's not filled with roses,
The purtiest face may frown,
An' many have lost in battles won,
An' many-a good ship's gone down.

HOW CANST THOU SLEEP?

How canst thou sleep, my own sweetheart,
While by your side I sit
And beg for Love's own sacred bread?
Dost thou not know this aching head
And heart are starving here—
How canst thou sleep?

How canst thou sleep, my own sweetheart,
When all my soul goes out,
And like a beggar asking meat,
I ask but Love, than life more sweet?
Dost not this troubling tempest here
Disturb thy sleep?

Sleep on, sleep on, my own sweetheart,
Some day thou wilt awake—
To hear in memory alone
This pleading sigh, this tearful groan—
With tattered wing, Love passed the bar—
While thou didst sleep.

* * * * *

My love awoke—come beggar mine—
And nestle by my side.
Sweet minstrel play—my heart-strings move
Attuned to thee, and life, and Love.
The bar still holds God's mystic dove—
How could I sleep?

Sleep came not here—my own sweetheart,
And maybe 't was unkind,
To play a part in Morpheus' arms,
Unmindful of thy witching charms—
But now I know true Love's alarms
And I can sleep.

TOOTS.

Once a little Tumpsum-Tuzzy
Came to my house after tea
And such yelling—
There's no telling—
Yet the folks all said that fuzzy
Red-faced yellor looked like me.

I remember how I started
'Cause I thought he could n't see.
Such a-blinking—
And a-winking—
As the sunlit curtains parted ;
Yet that winker looked like me.

And the more that Ootsy-Tootsy
Cried for something, in his tea—
Midst my labors,
Still my neighbors,
As they tossed poor patient Wootsy
Said the fellow looked like me.

Everybody tossed that baby
Just the face he made to see—
Such a-fumbling—
And a-mumbling—
'Till the child was frantic maybe ;
Still they said he looked like me.

Can you tell me how a yelling,
Red-faced, fuzzy, winker, wee
Pugnosed Ootsy,
Wootsy-Tootsy,
Screaming, kicking, love-repelling
Little tot, could look like me?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Must ever some sadness, creep into the glad-
ness,

The poor human soul to dismay ;
To chain its endeavor, forever and ever,
'Till centuries pass in a day?

Tho' servile, base yearning, the souls of men
burning

Humanity still to enslave—
Promethean-bound mortal, oh! speak ere
death's portal
Ye enter to rest in the grave,

And tell me, vain human, shall man and
shall woman

Injustice fight on to life's end?
Does wrong thus invite thee, oppression ex-
cite thee,
And thou the vile banquet attend?

Hast thou not still burning, some small
flame returning
A-kindled around Galilee?
Tho' shorn of thy graces, men's plaudits or
faces,
God's sun shines the same on that sea.

And is it so thrilling, to know ye are fill-
ing
A cup for another to drain—
To revel, forgetting the time of regretting,
The time for to gather your grain?

Contemplate thy spirit—the millions a-near-
it,
The great heedless whirlpool of strife—
And it of pleasure, so near a full measure,
To add to the burden of life.

Where sad eyelids glisten, the Silences lis-
ten,
And Night sets her sentinels there ;
From human endeavor, men's souls to dis-
sever,
And drive from the gates of despair.

Oh ! soul, for life yearning, at last thou art
learning

To look where the angels have trod ;
Thy lot uncomplaining, thy wisdom thou 'rt
gaining,

When man walks alone with his God.

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.

When love grows cold,
How like an avalanche I'll be,
Nor blush to crush the hearts of those
Once dearest unto me—
When love grows cold.

When love grows cold,
What monsters rise in human form—
Hell holds high court, insatiate,
Dark as a midnight storm—
When love grows cold.

When love grows cold,
In desperation and dismay,
We view the world, nor deem one soul
Fit tenant of its clay—
When love grows cold.

TURNING GRAY.

When your hair is turning gray
'Tis a warning that the May
Of a happy life is past ;
Something glorious must be done,
Basking in a summer sun
Must not always last.

There may be some wrongs to right—
Some great darknsss turned to light,
Some poor heart made gay.
Clasp the outstretched trembling hand
With the weak and helpless stand
Midst the breakers grey.

Will our heads in other lands
Carry still the silver strands
Time hath measured here?
Will Love's sunshine slanting thro'
All the cups of life renew
In the after year?

A TALE OF THE MEERSCHAUM.

In seventeen hundred and twenty-three,
On a shoemaker's bench in Hungary,
There sat an old man with a curious knack
Of carving with such an artistic whack
That he won the love of a Count.

One day as Count Andrassy happened to
 roam
On a mission to Turkey, he brought with him
 home
A curious relic, a white, porous clay,
With no further value, he said, but that they
 Presented it unto a Count

So, languidly, lazily sauntering around,
He came to the shoemaker's place, under-
 ground;
Just dropped in awhile to gaze on his
 art
And cheer with a word his old tireless
 heart,
That always revived with the Count.

With jesting and chatting, the hours flew
away,
At parting the Count gave Kowatee the
clay—
His eyes twinkled merrily; now he would
try
His long-pent-up artistic taste to descry
And divide up square with the Count.

The shoemaker toiled, in his old dingy room,
Thro' the hours of the twilight, the hours of
the gloom—
And he puffed, and he puffed, with a sweet,
pure delight—
The rest of the long but to him blissful
night—
And he eagerly watched for the Count.

As he toiled with the thread and the wax the
next day
He smoked his new pipe of the pure meer-
schaum clay,
And the wax from his hand o'er the meer-
schaum spread warm
Giving polish and sweetness—a typical
charm—
And he gave a “meerschäum” to the Count.

PARTING.

The pangs of death, I know, I feel,
Yet no transition see—
Shall immortality reveal
A truer life to me?

All truth and hope the yearning heart
Tells in one tender glance ;
The lingering hand, the tears that start—
A soul unveiled by chance.

Should I no greater transport know
Than I 've known here so well ;
In parting, I have learned of heaven
And all I know of hell.

DRIFTING.

Two boats that drifted down the stream,
The shady moorings grace ;
Two souls that dreamed the same fair dream
Are standing face to face.

The waters, like a cadence grand,
Roll rocks and breakers o'er ;
The waves break softly to the sand
A tale oft told before.

And each fond heart hears one sad song,
Sung by the fateful wave—
We've waited long, we've waited long,
No answer back they gave.

I dreamed thy place was by my side,
In visions, then, I see
A barrier rise, a heaving tide ;
Oh ! cruel destiny.

But we shall meet again, my own,
Out in a wider sea ;
In calmer ways, and skies unknown,
And you shall sail with me.

* * * *

Two little barks drift out apace,
Each on a stream alone ;
And the wind that brought them face to face
In the morning wild, with such tender grace,
A cadence sings of a dreamer's place ;
Oh ! blow ye wild-winds down Life's stream,
Fulfill the waiting lover's dream
And bring the wanderers home.

THE LAST TELEGRAM.

Only a little boy,
On the street there ;
Only a little boy,
Willing to dare.

“Paper, sir ; paper, sir ;”
“Don’t buy of Jim,
He aint no union chap,
Dat ’s wot ails him.”

Just a few papers left—
Hands cold and blue,
Old coat with buttons off,
Heart big and true.

Only a little boy
Passing so late,
Throwing a newspaper
Over the gate.

Tired are the little feet,
Turned back at last.
Glad the day's work is done—
This is thy last.

Only a little boy,
Dying alone ;
Saw a kind face at last
Close to his own.

I hear 'em singin' now
Songs 'bout th' Lamb—
'Er 'tis the boys calling
The last telegram.

RETRIBUTION.

Thy conscience, proud tyrant, if loosed from
thy keeping,
Would call and revile thee and hold up
thy life,
'Till, like a soul in a world that is sleep-
ing,
Thy soul it would sink in the deluging
strife.

Oh! bravely you rose when fond fortune
upon thee
Forged tightly, so tightly, a proud father's
place;
Thy sons shall yet scorn thee and blush at
the memory
That can, but alas! tell a tale of disgrace.

Not 'till the last drop from the glass thou
hadst taken
And drank to another, oh! foolish in-
grate,

Didst thy faithless soul and thy manhood
awaken,
And turn to thy Helen, thy true, artless
mate.

Oh ! blame not the soul of the tigress that,
sleeping,
Hath roused from her lethargy, roused
from her rest,
How long thou hadst only that soul in thy
keeping,
'Till bleeding and torn she fled from thy
breast.

Tho' conscience forsake thee, and shame
thou hadst never,
That out from thy mouth foul pollutions
be heard—
A swift retribution will follow thee ever,
Distract and confound, like some ill-
omened bird.

Thine own desperation, oh ! soul, thou hast
builded,
And on thy proud mate heaped the mount
of despair ;
Tho' Satan his temples hath lavishly gilded,
A' sick with remorse mayst thou enter
there !

Tho' chained with the fetters that still
clanked around her,

An exile from home and the ones she
loved best,

No cloud could dismay and no tempest con-
found her,

Resigned to her fate with the damned or the
blest.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Oh ! the old sunflower ; oh ! the bright sunflower ;

First to God's sunlight to open, first to close
against the shower.

There's no flower in the garden half so
sunny, glad and gay ;

There's no flower of God's making half so
full of charity ;

For they crowd the dusty highways, servants
they to each and all,

Decking high the ragged urchin and the
gilded palace hall.

Then open wide the window, and pull the
curtain high ;

Let me see the waving sunflower as the
summer days go by.

Oh ! the old sunflower ; oh ! the Kansas sunflower,

Waving millions in the breezes, golden sea
and golden hour.

There 's no scene in all the landscape, there 's
no sight, more sweetly fair
Than a troop of pretty Buckeye girls with
sunflowers in their hair.

What a welcome to the stranger—words and
banners on the wall,
Of this golden, gorgeous flower, with a single
eye to all.

Then open wide the window, and pull the
curtain high ;

Let me see the waving sunflower as the
summer days go by.

Oh ! the old sunflower ; oh ! the tell-tale
flower ;

For sits the love-sick maiden down, all
heedless of the hour—

'Tis "one I love, and two I love, and three
I love I say"—

She tears the golden leaflets loose, and
throws them all away.

Ah ! what a naughty wicked flower ; yet
further she will delve,

To find the one that tells it right, with leaf-
lets even twelve.

Then open wide the window, and pull the
curtain high ;

Let me see the waving sunflower when the
autumn days are high.

Oh ! the old sunflower ; oh ! the blessed sun-
flower ;
Like little angels breathing benedictions
every hour.
When I am sad and lonely, buried deep in
gloom or care,
Lay a sunflower on my pillow, scatter sun-
flowers everywhere.
Gather sunflowers for my coffin, sunbright
mornings, evenings late—
May they grow along my journey ; may
they bloom at heaven's gate.
Then open wide the window, and pull the
curtain high ;
Let me see the waving sunflowers, when the
winter cometh nigh.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Oh ! that kiss a fond remembrance
Brings of sweetest hours,
When my cup ran o'er in gladness
And I swooned nigh unto madness—
They were ours.

Does that vase one draught yet treasure
Of the vine,
That has grown so wild, secluded,
Fostered little, yet deluded,
Yours and mine?

Blame me not if memory kindles
Fire and flame—
By that kiss of thine, I 'm human,
None the less of heaven—a woman
Who could blame?

Who can blame, who once hath lingered
In the trance?
Who hath Love's fond heart felt beating
Thrilled with kisses and the greeting
And the glance?

If thy dreams perchance of me, love,
Wakest thee,
Nestle, dearest, close thy pillow,
For nor tempest, cloud nor billow
Troublest me.

Let the past eke like a shadow
'Bide the thought ;
Rough or smooth the sea we furrow.
Some of sunshine, some of sorrow,
It has brought.

Oh ! the star hath set forever
A' down the spheres—
And with light shall break the morning.
It is darkest ere the dawning
Through the years.

THE FATAL CHARM.

'T was morning, in the forest grand,
We wandered lone—Love held my hand
And gazed at me with eyes of light,
More beauteous than the stars of night.
Oh! eyes, of light! filled to their brim
With liquid fire time cannot dim.
I laughed, I scarce could hear the birds—
Yet oft reminded him his words,
Like curfew bells that call to rest,
Woke sleeping memories in my breast.
We passed beyond the farthest tree,
Where cupid sent a shaft at me.
We wandered in Elysian fields,
Where nature all her fullness yields,
And read life's tales from nature's books—
Love told me volumes in his looks.
I scarce could smile; the cruel dart
Was rankling still within my heart.
The day passed on—'t was eventide—
The mortal wound I sought to hide.
I knew full well Love's kind alarm,
For I had passed the fatal charm,
While walking with my soul—my heart
I gave to him—we could not part.

A MEMORY.

Yes, thou art near, so near, to night,
Oh ! loving heart and mine—
I see thine eyes, my love, my light,
As surely as 't were thine.
For if thou smilest, I am glad ;
If thou art sad, I weep ;
If thou dost pray, look up and find
Me kneeling at thy feet.

Yes, thou art near, so near, to-night,
I feel thy fond caress ;
I hear thy voice, like vesper bells,
That children call to bless.
And thy thin hands I press again—
Oh ! touch of long ago—
In roguish glee, I wrench them free,
Yet would not have it so.

Yes ! thou art near, so near, to-night,
Thy lips to mine are pressed ;
And Hope steals in, a pleading waif,
Twixt me and my fond guest.

Oh ! if in dreams I ever steal
To rest me on thy breast,
Then clasp me as you did of yore,
And I shall surely rest.

Yes ! thou art near, so near, to-night,
Oh ! loving heart and mine—
I see thine eyes, my love, my light,
As surely as 't were thine ;
For if thou smilest, I am glad ;
If thou art sad, I weep ;
If thou dost pray, look up and find
Me kneeling at thy feet.

HOW STRANGE.

How strange 't would be if from some other
 sphere,
 Bedecked in flowers and robes denied me
 here,
I saw my cast-off house of senseless clay
 A thing at last beloved upon the bier.

How strange 't would be, if friends I long to
 greet
 Should come from far to lift my winding
 sheet,
When I no more can raise the gladsome
 hand,
 How strange if joy 't would bring them
 thus to meet.

How strange 't would be, so long to live
 alone,
 As one who, loving, has been all un-
 known,
'Till death the soul has stripped from out
 the mold,
 Then round these confined tatters hear a
 groan.

How strange 't would be, when I the air can
 breast
 No longer crave kind words to lull my
 rest ;
If willing hands should toil to make my
 bed,
 A place more fair with flowers I love the
 best.

How strange 'twould be, if praise I long to
 hear
 Should spoken be in my unknowing ear ;
To find at last Love's messengers set free
 O'er my dull clay, when I'm no longer
 here.



BABY TOT.

From things, that once I cherished most
In dreams of earthly bliss,
I turn aside the blinding host
For just one little kiss.

Pure eyes look deep into my own,
Earth swims in love like this ;
My heart this little prince's throne,
My purest gem his kiss.

And when my heart is bending low
The world is all amiss—
Of heavenly joys still one I know,
It is a baby-kiss.

A mine of treasure that sweet mouth,
A mint to coin my bliss ;
Like wooing wind that blows down south
That little fellow's kiss.

MAY.

Lovely as sunbeams of morning,
Sweet as the breath of a rose,
Lilies her bosom adorning,
Calm as an angel's repose,
Was May,
Our beautiful May.

Lovely dark eyes had the maiden—
Eyes which the angels must woo—
Fell thro' the seasons, love-laden,
Friendships like heavenly dew—
For May,
Our beautiful May.

A day had been set for the wedding.
Oh! had she not promised in vain—
Death came, gallant knight, to receive her,
The hand of the fair bride to claim,
Of May,
Our beautiful May.

She came like a halo of glory,
And passed as a vision away.
The bells—wedding-bells of sweet story—
Must toll for the bridegroom to-day,
And May,
Our beautiful May.

Oh! many a heart's glowing promise
And joys that we treasure to-day,
To-morrow shall fall and lie buried
As sad and as silent as May,
As May,
Our beautiful May.

BY CHANCE.

She was a pretty creature,
He was manly and strong,
And like a fateful magnet,
Something bore them along—

On to a kindlier feeling,
On to a lingering glance,
On to the same old story,
On to a game of chance.

Oh! there are times of blindness—
Love has no eyes to see,
And like a rapid river,
It bears the drifters, free—

On to a riper knowledge,
On to a mad'ning race,
On to a joy exotic,
On to a dreamer's place.

Then in the sterner years to come,
Sin in her robes may laugh ;
But they will not forget the days
That crowded them, like chaff—

On to a life of sorrow,
On to a broken dream,
On to a clouded morrow,
On to a shoreless stream.

She with the roses withered,
He with a tottering form ;
Beauty and strength together
Beaten and blown by the storm—

On to a life that 's shipwrecked,
On to a sterner fate,
On to a haven never,
On to a sad "too late."

LIFE.

Here we meet,
 Here we greet
Same old friends.
 Fancy lends
Some sweet face
 Round the place—
Some sweet laugh,
 Wheat and chaff.
Some sad sigh,
 Let them die.

Life's a rose
 At its close—
Drain the glass
 As they pass.
Live to-day
 Sad or gay.
Know no sorrow,
 No to-morrow.
Time is flying,
 Men are dying

Like a rose
 At its close—
Ask not why,
 Let them die.

Like a rose,
 At its close,
Withered, blown,
 Leaflets flown,
Perfume breathing,
 Scattering, seething,
Time distilling,
 Heaven filling
Cups of others—
 Men are brothers ;
Old and new,
 False and true—
Striving, doing,
 Loving, wooing.

Oft regretting,
 Oft forgetting,
Trembling, toiling,
 Begging, soiling,
Hoping, praying,
 Love betraying,

Laughing, hating,
 Dreaming, mating,
Blighting, thrilling,
 Fighting, killing,
Smiling, winning,
 Falling, sinning—
Madness rife,
 This is life.

WE TWO.

Rest, rest, peaceful rest,
Where no wild wind chides me ;
Rest, rest on my breast,
There no storm betides me.

Let me sail the bonnie blue,
Thou my pilot ever ;
On a sea of love, we two,
Hope to anchor, never.



"And then they say I am mad."

THE MAD-WOMAN'S TALE.

You ask why I am here—friend, stay,
Sit down, and I will tell you—nay,
It may some time consume—a day—
Time passes thus. I start at dawn,
I wake, and, lo! the years have gone.
Look at me here—I 'm not insane—
Feel thou my hand, my cheek, my brain;
But soon I may be mad again.
Perhaps 'tis best that I am here,
For in these walls no shame, no fear
I know; yet oft a gush of crimson tide
Betrays the thoughts I fain would hide—
Then like Mazeppa's bounding steed
Mad thoughts from out my spirit speed—
And then they say I am mad. Indeed,
It must be so. No, do not start—
I only thought I saw them part
As on that fatal night in June,
When, like some phantom of the moon,
I followed; but a cloud full soon
The heavens o'erspread—the coming doom
Portending.

In tracks yet warm
My tender feet and half-clad form
The growing dew-drops pressed.

The storm

Like some vile demon howled. A gleam
The livid lightning threw between.
I saw her head where mine had been
Just one short hour before. Behind
The streets a river ran. The wind
Uncivil, mad, wretched, unkind,
Tore through my screening hair—I whined,
For all my sickened soul I swear
Was bursting from my eyes. What, there!
I see them now, the lattice thin,
Poor shield if I would enter in.
Such liberty as men may brook
Upon the wanton sylph he took
Till I—I shrieked in pain. His ring
From off my hand I tore—to fling—
And from that golden band the blood
Was dropping in a crimson flood.
The band itself had burst. And still
One parting kiss she dared drink in.
“Thy last,” I shrieked—the lattice thin
Gave way beneath my power. I flung
Her lightly to the waves. She hung
Like some fair lily there—a splash—
I felt the murderers’ stinging lash.



*"I saw her head where mine had been
Just one short hour before."*

Instinctively my hands I drew
O'er my poor head—a clammy dew
Had gathered there. Oh! Night, how kind
To clothe in darkness then my mind.
We grappled then—I know not how—
I killed him—oh! am I mad now?
At night when storms false lovers hide
Again I throw them in the tide.
Seest thou yon cloud? Tho' iron bands
Like black and charred bony hands
O'erspread my window there—Can they
Love's sweet delirium hold—delay
This fever in my tortured brain—
False tricksters, ye should bear the pain.
Love's warm red rose, can I forget—
The torn and bleeding flower regret.
Go, friend, the storm an angry flood
Has loosed. I taste the sweet warm blood.
Lethargy of despair, awake!
This tumult hush, this fever slake.
Dark grows the night; I see them take
One last voluptuous kiss. Ah! soon
Thy false proud heart shall sing its tune
To sylph beneath the waves. The moon
Has turned to blood; the stars are drowned.
God's living fire leaps o'er the ground
In search of lovers false—to brand

To scourge, to fire—their graves shall stand
Like charnel-houses, hideous, grand.

At night—no more—dead, dead, I'm glad—
The chains, the chains, I'm mad, I'm mad.

THE WRECK OF THE MAINE.

A crash, and with a panting breath
A flame that belched forth blood and death
Sweeps our brave ship that anchored lay
Within a treacherous Spanish bay ;
And mingled with those waves so black
Three hundred sailors feel the wrack
Of murderous powder, shot and shell,
Conceived in Madrid or in Hell.
Amid the seething water's roar
A hundred sailors swim for shore—
The shore is reached, with tearful groan
The foremost swimmer swims alone.

'T were vain to tell of valor done ;
We know our boys, each valiant son—
Brave lads, whose good-byes had been said
With touch of cap and gallant tread
To man the glorious mighty Maine—
To meet those loved ones ne'er again.
Each dying soldier, as he passed
Life's gateway, held with fearful grasp
And backward flung that portal wide—
So small a span two worlds divide.

Ten thousand souls with falt'ring breath
Came trooping down that road of death—
With song of hope, in numbers strong,
In seried rank they marched along
And entered that wide-open shrine
Above whose arch was written "Time."
From out the battlements of Heaven
As from an earthly rampart riven
Went forth a tearful sigh—a groan—
"Ye weep, but ye weep not alone."
Oh, martyred dead! ten thousand graves
Are freshly filled with Cuban slaves.
And red with carnage still is spread
The soil above those slaughtered dead.
A myriad, hollow, human eyes
Each morning bless the flag that flies
Where yon proud vessel rears her head,
A wreck, alas! but never dead.
Weird shadowy vapors o'er her creep—
She's foundered in an ocean deep,
Of groans and sighs and children's tears—
Sad relics of the tyrant's years.

As sunshine follows after rain,
So shall free Cuba laugh at Spain;
For there's a land not far away
That ne'er will brook the tyrant's sway.

Our dogs-of-war, with stealthy grace,
The bloody murderer's refuge trace ;
And, stretching in the leash to-day,
Are foaming, fretting for the fray.
Consult no more when duty calls
And blood-red war hangs o'er our walls.
Nor honor trust, nor deep contrition,
That starves men to a slave's submission—
This is not war, all men decree,
War's art is lost in butchery.
If comes not forth the culprit wild
Like some poor, guilty, wretched child,
Swift reparation pleads to make—
In Mercy's name, for Justice' sake,
God grant not satiate they'll be
'Till torn and bleeding Cuba's free.
Then proud Madrid shall entertain
The ghosts of sailors of the Maine ;
A chilling blast, a world's disdain,
'Till shakes the gilded throne of Spain.

* * * * *

The fight is o'er, as sinks to rest
The gilded sun a-down the west,
The warrior sleeps in peace to-night,
And dreams of smoke and fire and fight.
He hears again, in dreams at dawn,
The storming rush that took San Juan ;

And heaves a sigh, both wild and deep,
For those that fell in pallid sleep.
Dream, dream no more of warriors slain—
Awake! nor live it o'er again.

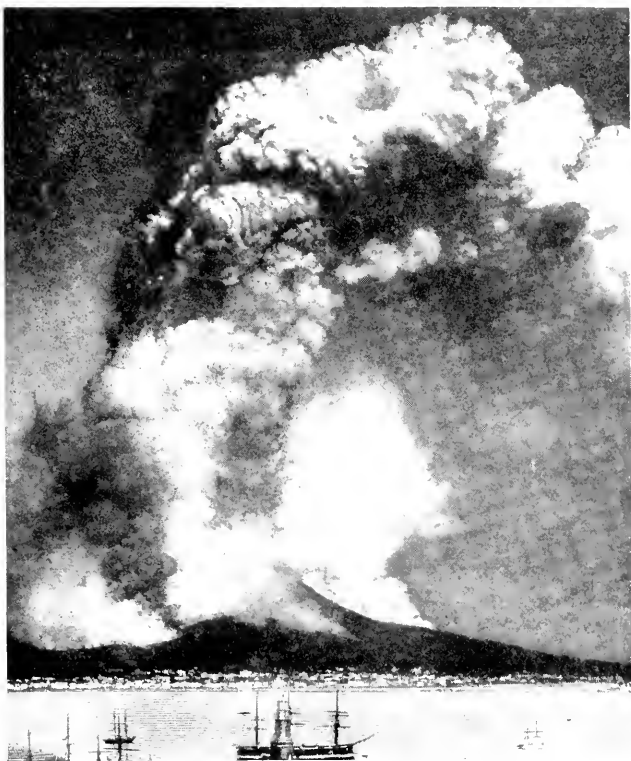
That cry for freedom crossed the sea
And bounded o'er the prairies free.
It loosed the heart welled in for years,
It melted eyes unknown to tears—
That cry was Hope's last wild despair,
Carried by winds on tranquil air.
The startled universe awoke;
From hills and plains the circling smoke
Of camp-fires' holy mellow light
Made dim the day, illumed the night.
Our mothers' sons, north, south, east, west,
As brothers marched—one throbbing breast;
And o'er the solid phalanx driven
Streamed out the stars and stripes toward
Heaven.

The farmer lad and millionaire
Together shared a soldier's fare,
And friendships on an alien shore
Grew tender, true, welded by war.
Like magic, bristling ships-of-war,
By Neptune driven from shore to shore,
Rode proud the waves in quest of prey,
And found and slew them in a day.

Manila bay, her waves rolled red
With burning ships and mangled dead.
Those who once loosed the tyrant's reign
For mercy plead—nor plead in vain.
In festal robes, the royal beast,
The God-of-War scarce left the feast
Ere on a nearer, fairer shore
A master-guest, he sought for more.
'Twas then our men like Titans fought,
Fought hand to hand, nor quarter sought.
Three days beneath a tropic sun
Our heroes fought, and one by one
They died as soldiers die—alone.
Jove, by his champing thunders drawn,
Beheld the fight that took San Juan,
And drove with quickened pace and rein—
To Santiago's palméd plain.
For ne'er beheld the eyes of Jove
Such matchless men—such human love.
For days they held the war-dogs back
From off the plain and bloody track,
Lest unawares with all the dross
The innocent might suffer loss.
Then at command the booming gun
Told of a battle well begun.
On land, on sea, like mad-men driven
They woke the dreaming courts of heaven.

The screeching shells plowed side by side—
The treacherous wounds they could not hide.
Down went the ships with all on board,
With lightning flash the cannons roared.
Save, save the boys ; a hundred throats
Begged for a place to man the boats.
Quailed Spanish hearts unused to fear,
They dreamed not that a friend was near.
The God of War had touched the cup
The God of Love so quick filled up.
God bless the soldier, Love hath bought,
To save the foeman that he fought.
These human temples reared from dust
God's pinnacles if they be just.
And won indeed in heart is he
If lost in such a victory.

Let poets rave of Titans old,
Of pluméd knights, of warriors bold,
Of Cæsar's might, of Charlemagne,
A thousand tyrants' bloody reign ;
But not for these shall Fate inspire
The songs of peace—the virgin lyre—
That floods the world with Light to-day—
America ! America !!



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*“And blew ten thousand thousand cubic feet
Into eternal space.”*

VESUVIUS.

A LIVING FIRE.

Scarce half a century bridged the Christian
world,
When, like some wild disgruntled monster
brute,
Shaking his tangled mane and breathing
death,
With nostrils all aflame, thou giant Mount,
Didst fright all Italy.

In superstitious fear
Men whispered low and deemed the vengeful
gods
Defiance hurled towards heaven.

Romans were slaves
To Nero's sensuous whims. Each morning's
light
Fell on the Tiber's dead. Too rich the feast
In human flesh and blood. The river rolled
In agony of deeply troubled rest,
And cast her victims on the shore. The
moons
Scarce marked the days when from their
throats
A thousand shrieked of burning Rome. The
heavens

Foretold the fearful doom. The human torch
Provoked a monarch's smile. To music
grand

He watched the souls of men take flight.
The feast was grand—a bloody banquet wild,
And thro' that smoke blazed pictures weird
and gray

The Christian world still gaze upon.

Oh! Rome!

The heavens from thee took gorgeous color-
ings

That ne'er shall fade from thy fair orient
skies,

Nor yet forgotten be, while history endures.

'T was then the gladiators, gods enslaved,
Held captive in the fiery mountain's breast,
Shook out the robes of deepest night, and
fought

To hide the bloody, shameless scene. They
strove

For just one hour of heavenly liberty.

Their mutterings and threats of discontent
Startled the fishermen on Naples Bay,
Who stole away, not knowing why or where,
Like fleeting shadows follow wandering
clouds.

For Nero's eyes that courted scenes like
these,

And for his lips so soon to taste of blood,
For his strong arm that hugged to shame and
 death
The curtain fast came down ; and from the
 throne,
Pursued a wretched outcast, renegade,
He fled. He whom nor blood, nor tears, nor
 pain,
Nor agonizing death could pity bring,
Crouched low and writhed in fear, ere thro'
 his heart
He pushed the coward's blade.

 His shriveled soul,
A dwarf of hideous form, by unseen power,
Went groveling hills among, like dull gray
 smoke,
Till o'er Vesuvius' moth—akin—
She yawned and took the nameless monster
 in.

Vesuvius, thou monster charnel grand,
Thou art the home of gods where orgies hold
Thy revelers a century entranced.
Thy deep infernal pit belched forth the fires
Of angry god's desires.

 Yet kind thou art
To hang the warning pine tree on the skies,
Fiery and defiant, ere from thy brow
Streams of hot lava flow.

Ten thousand souls
Lie buried at thy feet. Brave Oscan lads
Or Umbrian maids who watched the pur-
pling vine
Famed in proud Rome for virgin purity ;
And tillers of the soil, who heeded not
Thy outstretched arms of fire.

The years roll by—
Forgotten are the buried dead. The place
Time changed to matchless green. Vine-
yards o'erspread
The grand old mountain-side. The classic
Greek
Here built his summer home. Here gor-
geous barks,
Like graceful swans, floated at day's decline ;
And lovers 'neath the arching canopies,
Or in the vineyard, field or sheltered glen,
Blushed crimson at the hinted words of love.
Aye ! time may change, but love is still the
same—

A lamp whose light is never dim ; a staff
Old age may use and know no weariness.

Men builded here an amphitheater,
Where gladiators fought in regal pomp
And bathed their limbs in essence of wild
flowers,
Sunshine, ozone and woman's glances, free.

About the ring were beauties gathered far,
Whose flashing eyes a wild contagion threw
On all their rivals there.

In litters grand

Outside fair Pompeii's walls the revelers
came,
In gilded pomp from Herculaneum, too,
Knights and their ladies fair, to mingle in
One round of festive sports; to laugh, to
cheer,
To wreath the victor in their smiles, and
bear
Him from the ring on shoulders strong.
The hum of voices from the waiting crowd
Rose like a wild discordant harmony.
Scarce could they hear, when from a native
bard
Words ran in rippling dreamy cadences.
He closed in lines prophetic, grand, nor
dreamed
His eyes should see his words fulfilled :

Drink ! to-day, there 's no to-morrow !
Drink ! tho' suns forget to shine—
Drink ! and deign a laugh to borrow,
Drink a health to thine and mine.

Drink ! to-day, there 's no to-morrow !
Drink to all the gods divine—
Drink ! and drown the coming sorrow,
Drink the blood-red fiery wine.

Red wine they drank, with fire in every
cup,
Dark languid beauties tripped the orient
dance

In trailing robes, like to the painted myths
Their raptured eyes oft gazed upon in Rome.
Or wilder still, the more voluptuous nymphs
Fair Pompeiis' walls adorned.

Half-mad they laughed,
They swayed, they sang. The gladiators
met.

Men shouted wild and women craned with
pride
Such brawn and sterling manhood rich to
see.

A boom—and silence; like a river ran
Over the multitude. Bronzed faces paled,
And every eye beheld the mountains glare.
The earth trembled and women shrieking
fell,

And children lost in that mad human tide
Begged piteously for help that never came.

The walls were rent, and creaking shook.

Afar

Blazed out the vineyard and the home.

Like leaves

The ashes in a tempest whirled and fell

Blinding the fleeing crowds.

Three miles in air

The lurid pine-tree stood. Ten thousand
tears,

Prayers, oaths and shrieks ascended unto
Jove ;

Affrighted birds swift-winged to distant
skies ;

Man, only man, weaker than dropping tears,
Remained and clung to all the toil of years.

In thy deep travail, Mount of frenzied
gods,

Still belched thou forth the fiery molten
stream,

'Till valleys filled and wanton war waged
wild,

'Twixt thee and distant troubled seething
waves.

While thus engaged, the gods, infuriate,

Still pent in thy hot walls, one blast gave
out

And blew ten thousand thousand cubic feet
Into eternal space.

Gloom settled down
Like a black mantle flung about the dead.
Loud roared the mighty mountain in his
rage,
And quickly cast from out his tortured side
A thousand swords of flame.

The demons howled—
The lurid glare showed pale and weird and
gray
A pantomime of frenzied human forms.

When Day came trailing through that dismal
land,
No more found she the gladiator-maid—
Nor even yet the highest column's brow
To mark where fair Pompeii had been.
About Vesuvius' woeful smoking mouth
The molten stream rolled thick with twisted
forms—

Distorted gods, repulsive, blackened, torn,
Rolled slowly down the grizzled mountain-
side ;
And by this blast, this roaring, seething
blast,
Ten thousand conquered Neros hell threw
out,
And buried cities 'neath the ashes gray
Of lightened furnaces.



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*"Distorted gods, repulsive, blackened, torn,
Rolled slowly down the grizzled mountain side;
And by this blast, this roaring, seething blast,
Ten thousand conquered Neros hell threw out,"*

Strange cataclysm,
That melted flint four miles away, and yet
The monster's heart hath never touched,
thro' years
Of this great cauldron's thundering.

Men say
That ghosts of eld here sob, and wail, and
weep
O'er these grim walls, that ne'er again shall be
Homes of a living race.

Well hast thou slept,
Licentious Greek, for near two thousand
years.
Thy winding-sheet to-day men lift, and gaze
On thy unbroken sleep.

With vineyards green
The mountain-side again her vintage brings
To native bard in lava hut beguiled.
In village streets the dark-eyed maiden sings
And combs her midnight hair, forgetful e'er
Of pillored doom, that like a mournful plume
Waves arms of smoke by day, of fire by
night.

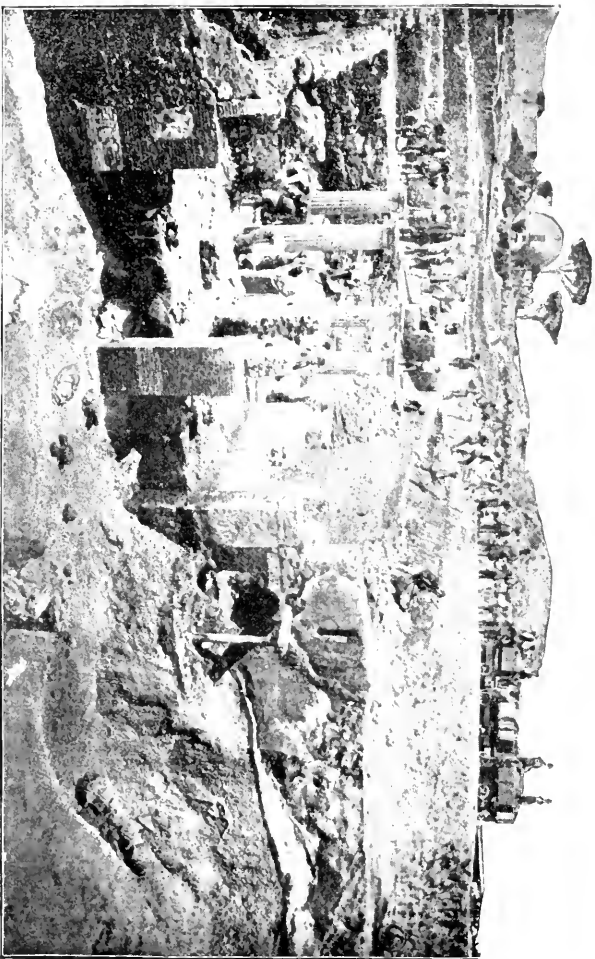
The day will come when all our buried
dead
And molten forms shall wake to throbbing
life.

With all the earth and pulsing, foaming
 seas,

The mountain shall her giant prisoners free.
The fishermen again shall startled flee,
And time shall be no more.

 Long buried joys
Shall resurrected be ; and Hope shall walk
With sweet Reality.

 'Though long entombed
We shall be free, and in His likeness wake.



From "Cutting," Copyrighted.

*"Thy winding sheet today men lift, and go:
On thy wretched sheep."*

ANGEL OF LIGHT.

Angel of Light, I come to thee ;
Thou art life in life to me.
Born 'neath the cross and diadem—
Beautiful star of Bethlehem.

Angel of Light, tho' tossed by storm,
'Midst life's waves I see thy form,
Holding high thy signal bright,
Radiant hope—my Angel of Light.

Angel of Light, thy mission is here
To cheer the shipwrecked mariner ;
To calm the storm, direct the oar,
Where's never a lighthouse on the shore.

Angel of Light, my soul to cheer,
Hear my prayer ! me hear, oh, hear !
God hath sent thee, guardian sprite ;
Speed with my message, Angel of Light !

Bright as of yore that star I see,
Bethlehem dreamed of the days to be ;
When o'er Death's river that Light shall
 shine,
Star of my hope, oh ! Angel of mine !

PRESS NOTICES

PRESS NOTICES.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence has captured eastern literary circles with her poetry. While western people complimented the genius of Miss Eckert highly, they never appreciated it as thoroughly as it deserved. Genius should never remain at home."—*Kansas City Times*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence is one the brightest ladies of of the state, and added to that she is gifted with a happy disposition and a great faculty for cultivating personal friendships."—*Eagle*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence, 'The Ohio Poetess,' has won considerable fame in the literary world by her poetic productions. She is a writer of verse and short stories, and possesses literary talent of a high order."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

"She has contributed many beautiful lines to eastern papers and magazines. Her poem, 'Sweetheart of Mine,' was extensively copied, and her reply to Riley, 'I Never Slep' a Wink,' attracted much attention. She was acquainted with the late Eugene Field, and compiled a splendid article for the press on that famous journalist."—*Galveston News*.

"Not until of late has Mrs. Lawrence been accorded a public criticism on her production on Cuba. Of this poem Edgar Fawcett is quoted as writing: 'Among other verse on Cuba one comes to mind as a gem of beauty and poetical accuracy.'"—*Toledo Commercial*.

"She is a charming writer of short stories, and her poems, which are widely copied, are full of tenderness and beauty."—*Gossip*.

"This estimable young woman is of a poetic nature and romantic disposition. She has figured as heroine in several books. She has the lovely dark eyes of the south. . . ."—*Eugene Field in Chicago Record*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence is a writer of verse and short stories, for which she finds a ready market in eastern papers. She is as pleasing a conversationalist as she is a writer."—*Atchison Champion*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence, the well-known and favorite poet, is of a delightful personality, and charming in every way. She possesses literary talent of a high order. Her poems have been quoted far and wide. They breathe the true feeling of a tender, sympathetic nature, and are graceful in form and beautiful in their wealth of fervid imagery.

"From her youth she has had the happy faculty of clothing her thoughts in the garments of poesy. She has written innumerable tales and poems, all showing the possession of a vivid imagination, a remarkable command of language, a complete sympathy with nature in all her varying moods. Many of her poems, full of tender sentiment or touching pathos, have had the distinction of 'going the rounds' of the press, a tribute to their worth that only a successful writer can fully appreciate. . . . She embodies that rare combination—a poet and a womanly woman."—*Toledo Blade*.

"I like your songs. They are of the heart, and your themes are close to human life in its sweet and homely phases. May the gods send your ship favoring breezes."—*Robert J. Burdette*.

"She has achieved some success as a writer—her verses and short stories having appeared in the *Inter-Ocean* and other eastern papers; two short poems of which she can be especially proud are 'Sweetheart of Mine' and 'At the Beach;' another is, 'I Never Slep' a Wink.'—*Kansas City Star*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence is winning laurels in the literary world by her poems as well as by her prose productions.

"One of her best poems is, her answer to Riley's 'How Did You Rest Last Night?' entitled, 'I Never Slep' a Wink.'

"Eugene Field was greatly attracted by her works, and referred to them in his Sharps and Flats column in a most complimentary manner."—*Sunday Journal*.

"Mrs. Lawrence recited three of her poems last night, which have never appeared in print—'Payin' the Mortgage,' a recent conception, 'Toots,' and 'Sleep on, Little Boy.'"

"She gave 'Sweetheart of Mine' as an opening number, and it is one of her best. It breathes a sweetness and tenderness with a faint note of sadness that is beautiful indeed, and was most admirably recited by the author.

"'Payin' the Mortgage' is rich in human interest, describing the cares and struggles of a large-hearted, honest old farmer, the strong tie between himself and his daughter, a firm, loving girl, and how they pay off the mortgage.

"'Day Dreams' is a pretty, ethereal, little thing; 'Toots,' a delightful rhyming of the baby; 'Monette,' a little love dream; 'Pontiac's Lookout,' a rather stronger poem; and last, 'The Maine,' a description of the struggle which resulted in the destruction of the 'Maine.'

"It is positive and masterful, and a fine word picture."—*Toledo Commercial*.

"Ida Eckert Lawrence, a well known writer of short stories and poems, is a former Richland county girl who has achieved note as a writer. She is about to bring out a volume of her poems. The newspapers speak very highly, not only of her genius as a poet, but also of her art as an elocutionist. . . . In this county, her childhood home, her friends note with great pleasure and pride the reputation she has achieved as a writer of poems. She had a notable honor conferred upon her in Chicago, to which the *Blade* thus refers: 'Ida Eckert Lawrence, the famous Toledo poet, was one of the guests at the Union League Club luncheon in honor of President McKinley and his cabinet. . . . After the luncheon there was a reception, at which she was introduced to the President as the Ohio poet.'"—*Mansfield News*.

"She writes as the flowers bloom, as the birds sing; not to outward solicitation, but to inward poetic impulse and inspiration, so her lines breathe the true spirit of poetry. Her poem on "Vesuvius" is vividly imaginative, and glows with splendor of language.—*John Reid Shannon, D.D.*



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